

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Vol. 64.

PUBLICATION OFFICE
No. 734 RANSOM ST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1884.

\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
FIVE CENTS A COPY.

No. 6.

NOT THE SAME.

The summer is just in its proudest prime—
The earth is green and the skies are blue ;
But where is the lit of the olden time
When life was a melody wedded to rhyme,
And dreams were so real they all seemed true ?

There is sun on the meadows and bloom on the
bushes,
And never a bird but is mad with glee ;
But the pulse that bounds and the blood that rushes,
And the hope that soars, and the joy that gushes,
Are lost for ever to you and me.

There are dawns of amber and amethyst—
There are purple mountains and pale pink skies
That flush to crimson where skies have kissed ;
But out of life there is something missed—
Something better than all of these.

We miss the faces we used to know,
The smiling lips and the eyes of truth ;
We miss the beauty, and warmth and glow
Of love that brightened our long ago—
And ah ! we miss—we miss our youth.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE,"
"LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE
KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN,"
"BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

I SUPPOSE you are tired after last night?" she said gently.

"After last night?" he repeated, almost mechanically, looking at her with something like fear.

"Yes; have you already forgotten that the Hunt ball took place a few hours since?"

"No, of course not; but I am not at all tired."

"Is Dolly any the worse?"

"I do not know; I have not seen her this morning."

And then they were silent until they reached the station.

Stephen helped Sidney to alight from the carriage, following her closely as she went into the station, leaving her only for a moment while he took her ticket, and hurrying back to her side, as if he feared to let her out of his sight.

Sidney thought he looked relieved as he remarked on the emptiness of the station.

"Only two minutes," he said, glancing at his watch. "Is the train from Stround signalled yet, Marton?" he added, as the station-master passed, touching his hat to Mr. Daunt and Miss Arnold.

"Yes, sir; it will be five minutes late, though, this morning," was the answer. "Shocking thing this—"

"Late? Will it?" Stephen said, in a quick loud voice, very different from his usual languid quiet tone. "I hope it will not be snowed up anywhere. Yes, yes, shocking, of course! Come, Sidney."

The station-master stared.

Stephen was usually one of the most courteous of men.

What could have made him so abrupt and strange?

"What is shocking?" Sidney interrogated as Stephen hurried her down the platform; and she looked up wonderingly at his disturbed face.

"Shocking? Oh, I don't know! There has been some accident on the line, I believe. Will you have a book, Sidney? Does Doctor Arnold allow you to read in the train?"

"I don't care for a book," Sidney answered carelessly. "Will you get me a newspaper? Perhaps I shall see this railway-accident in it."

"A newspaper? Yes, you may have a newspaper," he answered, after a moment's hesitation. "Here's your train, Sidney. You would like a carriage to yourself, of course?"

"No; I should prefer company," she rejoined laughingly.

But he hurried her into an empty compartment and closed the door upon her, with a look of relief upon his face.

"I believe you are glad to get rid of me," she said, pouting a little. "Stephen, is there anything wrong? Are you hiding anything from me?"

She leaned forward earnestly as she spoke, raising her great inquiring eyes to his face, which changed suddenly and softened into infinite tenderness, infinite sadness, infinite pity.

"Nothing," he said hurriedly—"nothing you should know, dear. Good-bye."

Sidney drew back a little haughtily; she saw the pity on his face and misconstrued it.

"If you see Frank, tell him I am very angry with him for not coming to see me off," she said brightly.

"Yes, if I see him," he answered, lifting his hat to her as the train moved on, and standing still upon the platform until it disappeared.

Then he turned away, with a great sadness on his face.

"How will she bear it, if it be as I fear?" he thought. "How will she bear it? Poor child! If I could keep it from her always as I have kept it from her to-day! But, sooner or later, she must know, and I suppose it had better be later than sooner."

Lindhurst was a pretty little village about fifty miles from Ashford, consisting of one long straggling street, with a quaint old church midway up the incline, and the Rectory nestling close to it, a two-storied gray-stone gabled building with a verandah and a quaint pointed porch with an old stone seat on either side.

The living was a small one; but Mr. Bevis had some private means, and only one child a daughter, a pretty blue-eyed golden-haired girl, who gave Sidney a warm greeting, scolded her for her pale cheeks, was warmly interested in her thick gypsy ring, with its flashing diamonds, and full of eager questions about its donor.

"I cannot think why you never told me anything about Frank in the long letters you used to send me at Vevey," she said plaintively, as the girls sat brushing their hair before the fire in Sidney's pretty cozy bed-room that night.

"You used to write a lot about Chrissie Greville, and said her father was an old bear; but—"

"Did I say so?" Sidney questioned penitently.

"It was very wrong of me then. I ought not to have said so. He is rather stern and cold; but he has been very kind and nice to me. Frank and Chrissie tear him a good deal; but I am sure, notwithstanding his sternness, he loves them both dearly."

"And when are you to be married?"

"Oh, I don't know, Bell! We will put off the evil day as long as possible."

"The evil day! Don't you care for him, Sidney?"

Sidney's eyes fell, and her color faded. It was the first time the question had been put to her, and Isabel Bevis's astonished reproving eyes made it doubly startling.

Sidney shook her pretty brown hair so that it shaded her face, and something in the tone of her voice as she answered made her friend think for a moment that it would have been quite as promising for Sidney's future happiness if she had said she hated him.

"Of course I am fond of Frank," she answered carelessly; "but I am in no hurry to leave papa. He will be so lonely, you know."

"But you will live in Ashford; so you will see him every day," said Isabel timidly.

"Oh, yes, of course!" Sidney answered,

using her ivory-backed brushes energetically; while Bell glanced at her rather wonderingly.

She was a romantic little girl, and could not quite understand Sidney's want of enthusiasm about her lover.

"What has become of that Mr. Daunt who came to Chapone House to see you once?" she asked presently.

One of the ivory-backed brushes fell to the ground.

Sidney stooped to pick it up, and the exertion brought a red tinge into the soft cheeks which had been so white the minute before.

"Do you mean Stephen Daunt?" she asked carelessly. "Did he ever come to Chapone House?"

"A tall, dark, good-looking man," Bell answered eagerly.

"Don't you remember, Sidney? He was on his way home from the Continent, and he brought you such a lot of lovely things from Siraudin's—chocolate and maroons glaces and nougat, and all sorts of loveliness—don't you remember?"

"Yes," Sidney replied quietly, "that is Stephen Daunt. Oh, he is very well!"

"Is he married?"

"No."

"Is he engaged?"

"No. Will you come back with me and try your chance?" Sidney asked, forcing a smile.

"And now, Bell, will you be offended if I turn you out? I'm tired to death, and shall fall asleep before your astonished eyes in another minute."

But, tired as she professed herself to be, Sidney Arnold did not go to bed when her friend left her.

She sat still and motionless before the fire staring into its red depths until the red died away and only a heap of fireless ashes filled the grate, and then, tired and chilled, crept into bed.

The Rectory household was an early one; but Sidney was the first down the next morning, and Isabel found her standing in the dining-room window, looking out into the snow-covered garden, her thoughts evidently so far away that she started when Isabel wished her—

"Good morning."

She recovered herself immediately however, and was her own bright charming self again when the rector came in, rubbing his hands and complaining of the cold in a good-humored grumbling manner, pool-pooling the girl's assertions that it was charming seasonable weather, but evidently enjoying the bright cheery morning.

"What time does the post come round?" Sidney asked, as they sat down to breakfast, Bell officiating behind the urn—for Mrs. Bevis was somewhat of an invalid, and did not make her appearance until later in the day.

"At about nine o'clock," answered the Rector.

"I dare say he will be a little late this morning," he added, smiling. "The snow will make it rather heavy walking, and he will not know how impatiently he is looked for."

"Do you expect a letter, Sidney?" Bell asked, her pretty blue eyes brightening at the thought that she had been mistaken after all, and that Sidney must really care for the fiance or she would not be anxious to have a letter from him so soon after leaving home.

"I thought perhaps papa might write to me," was the unexpected answer. "I was obliged to leave home without seeing him yesterday morning, and I think he will send me a few lines."

"Oh!" said Bell, in a distasteful tone, retreating behind the urn once more.

"I suppose a doctor's time is even less his own than a clergyman's," Mr. Bevis re-

marked, in his gentle kindly way. "Your father, like myself, cannot count upon a quiet hour, I dare say."

"No, indeed," Sidney answered, smiling as she thought of her father's busy life compared with the Rector's quiet existence. "It is very trying sometimes. Just as we are going out to a dinner-party or a dance papa is called away, and we must either go so late that I am ashamed to put in an appearance at all or else send some excuse and not go."

"You talk of dances and dinner-parties as if they were of every-day occurrence, Sidney," Isabel remarked. "Is Ashford a very gay place?"

"I don't know," Sidney answered, laughing.

"It is certainly very gay when compared with Chapone House; but I should think, when contrasted with the London season, it must be the acme of dullness."

"But you do have parties sometimes?"

"Oh, yes—dances in the winter, and garden-parties in the summer, and dinner-parties all through the year!"

"Oh, you lucky people!" Bell exclaimed ruefully.

"Our gaieties are restricted to a school-treat and a choir outing—and tea-fights of course," she added as an after-thought, drawing down the corners of her red lips in contempt for the latter form of entertainment.

"I can remember the time when Ashford could boast no greater pleasures, my dear," remarked the Rector. "When I was a curate there, over thirty years ago, a dance would have been an unparalleled event in the little town."

"So I have heard papa say," replied Sidney, smiling.

"It was so indeed," said the Rector thoughtfully. "But the cloth-mills have done wonders since then. Mr. Daunt is a wonderful man."

"Is that your friend with the bonbons from Siraudin's, Sidney?" asked Bell, with a swift keen glance.

"No—his father," Sidney answered quietly. "Is this the postman, Mr. Bevis?"

"Yes," said Bell, jumping up to get the letters. "I have been longing to see the papers with the account of the Hunt ball, Sidney. We get the evening papers the next morning in this benighted region, you know."

She ran out into the hall, and the next minute she came back into the dining-room with her little hands full of letters and newspapers.

"A heavy mail this morning," she said gaily. "There must be at least one letter for you among all these, Sidney."

She turned over the letters, hurriedly separating them from the newspapers, and glancing rapidly at the addresses as she did so.

"Nothing for you, Sidney," she said lightly, but with some disappointment in her pretty voice.

"Very sorry, dear; but this insatiable father of mine takes all the correspondence. There are the papers however, and we will console ourselves by a perusal of the description of the Hunt ball. Which will you have the Ashford Chronicle or the Stround Herald?"

"You had better keep the Chronicle," said Sidney, laughing. "No doubt it will contain the best account of the entertainment. I dare say they will have all the dresses wrong; they always do."

"Then if any sound dutious, I will come to you for correction," remarked Bell, opening the newspaper and looking eagerly for the column devoted to fashionable society.

While Sidney took the wrapper rather languidly off the Stround Herald and glanced down its columns.

Bell, devouring the description of the

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Though you should come and kneel low at my feet,
And weep in blood-red tears of agony,
It would not bring one single pang to me,
Nor stir my heart out of its quiet beat.

There was a time when any word you spoke,
When just the sound of your melodious voice
Would thrill me through and make my heart re-
joice.

Your will was law. But now the spell is broke,
Your rarely woke me from my dream of bliss.
Knowing my love—reading it everywhere,
You sought to see how much my heart would bear.
Some things I can forgive—but never this.

And though an angel, with a shining brow,
Should come from heaven and speak to me and
say:
"Go with this man, and be his own away,"
I would defy her, rather than trust you now.

Though you should pray me, writhing in white
pain,
For just one last caress, and I should know
That you were draining all the drops of woe,
I would not let you hold my hand again.

This is a woman's love—a woman's pride.
There is a stream that never can be crossed,
It rolls between us, and the trust I lost
Was sunk forever in the seething tide.

AT QUEEN'S CHACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

"O," he said to Morton; "leave Miss di Cynthia's presence, and never dare to seek it again. Leave this house at once."

"It in one hour from now you are within the walls, nothing will save you from prison."

"And nothing will save Miss di Cynthia from penal servitude," she rejoined.

The woman's persistence in her story astounded him, while Veronica's silence bewildered him.

It could not be true—of course it was false.

It was evident from her silence that there was a mystery.

"Hush!"

The white lips had opened again, and a voice that was unlike any he had ever heard came to him in the sunlit silence.

"Do not drive her to extremes. Send her away."

Then Sir Marc, pointing to the door, said—

"Go! Leave the house; but wait for me at the railway station at Hurstwood. I will see you there."

The woman left the room, and he took Veronica in his arms.

"Sweetheart," he said, "what is this mystery? Why did you not deny that woman's outrageous charges? My Veronica burn a will?"

"You cannot think how it has distressed me."

He kissed the white cold face, which looked as though neither warmth nor color could ever brighten it again.

His heart was full of keen intolerable pain.

"There is some mystery, Veronica," he went on; "I can see that. Tell me what it is."

"I cannot," she said.

And the two simple words were more terrible to him than any others.

"At least, my darling," he pleaded, "tell me that it is not true. I cannot endure that you should remain silent under such a charge."

"It is unwomanly almost—deny it. I ask no explanation of the mystery; my sweetheart shall be as free and unfettered as the wind that blows. But I do ask this—deny those horrible words."

Then she looked at him, with the pallor of death on her face.

She tried to speak lightly, but her lips trembled.

She tried to smile, but the smile died away.

"What if I could not deny it, Marc?"

His face flamed hotly.

"Great Heaven, Veronica," he cried, "do not jest over such a subject as this—do not jest about a crime!"

"I should not have thought you capable of such light words."

"I am not jesting," she answered; "I never thought of doing so."

She saw his face grow stern and his eyes take a cold, hard expression.

"Veronica," he said, "answer me one question—it is your own fault that I have to ask it—is that woman's charges true? She says that she holds proofs—is it true? Tell me—did you burn a will or did you not? Answer me."

She knew that it would be useless to resist her fate even if she could lie—Morton would produce the charred fragments as evidence.

She—Veronica—would not attempt to screen herself.

He must think what he would.

"Did you destroy a will, Veronica?" he replied. "Answer me—I shall go mad with suspense."

She raised her white face to his, and spoke slowly—

"It is quite true," she said—"I did burn Sir Joseph Brandon's last will and testament; yet listen—I would deny it if I dared but if that woman holds those fatal proofs it is useless."

He drew back from her as though she had stabbed him.

"You do not mean it, I am sure," he said—"you cannot mean it—it would be too horrible."

"You are saying it to try my love—only for that—to try my faith, my darling; you could not have done it."

"Was it so great a crime?" she asked simply.

"A crime?" he repeated. "The person who could even ask such a question must be dead to all sense of honor and shame. A crime? I should place it next to murder."

"I did not know it," she said softly; "I never thought of that."

He looked at her in horror.

"Then you did it—really and truly did it, Veronica," he said.

"Yes, I did it, Marc," she replied very sadly.

"What was the reason? Why did you do it? What was your motive? Tell me that I may understand."

"I cannot do that," she replied sadly. "I can tell you no more than this, that I of my own accord burned that will."

"Great Heaven," he cried, "it is incredible! Did any one else know?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied.

"Was any one else present?"

"No," she answered.

"Was the will you destroyed one against your own interests? Did it take money from you, or what?"

She raised her dark eyes in solemn wonder at the question.

"You must think what you will of my motives," she replied—"I can not explain them to you."

"It is incredible!" he cried. "I could believe you and myself both mad before I could believe this. It is some foul trick, some horrible farce!"

"No," she replied, "it is the simple, terrible truth. I destroyed the will, but I did not know it was such a crime as you say."

"And if you had known?" he cried.

"I should have destroyed it just the same."

"You swear it is true?" he said.

"I swear it," she replied.

They stood looking at each other, while the sunbeams fell between them and the birds sang on the roses outside the window.

Veronica was the first to break the terrible silence.

"Marc," she said, "you will not betray me?"

"No," he replied slowly, "I will not betray you, lest the iron hand of the law should grasp you. Great Heaven, how could you have done such a deed?"

She looked at him with a shudder.

"Could I really be put into prison for it?" she said.

"Yes, if those whom you have defrauded chose to prosecute you?" and then he wondered, for a soft sweet light came over the white stillness of her face.

"I see," she said slowly—"I understand."

"Veronica," he cried, "how callous you are! You seem to have no shame for the deed that you have done."

She was asking herself what she should do—how she should make him understand.

And then, with a great, sharp, bitter pang, the thought came to her that she could never make him understand, that she could never break her oath, the oath taken with her hands on her dead father's heart. He was looking at her with wistful eyes.

"You, Veronica," he said, "whom I thought of all women the most perfect, will you tell me why you did this?"

"Will you give me some explanation of the mystery—any key by which I may solve it?"

"Will you say one word that will lessen my misery?"

"I cannot," she replied. "I am bound in chains of iron—I cannot tell you this one bare fact—I burned the will. You must trust me all in all, or not at all."

"Trust you? Great Heaven, trust a woman who could burn the will of a dead man!"

"Stay, tell me one thing. Did he wish you to destroy it? Did he ask you to do so?"

"No," she replied, "he did not."

"Then do not ask me to trust you, Veronica. No man's honor would be safe in such hands."

"If there is a mystery, and you will explain it to me, good, that will do; if not, we must part."

She held out her arms to him with a low cry.

"Part," she repeated—"part—you and I?"

"You," he answered, coldly, "if it broke my heart a hundred times over. You do not suppose that I, a man of honor, could marry a woman who had deliberately destroyed the will of a dead man? I would not marry such a one even if the loss of her killed me."

"I never thought of that," she said clasping her hands.

"I should imagine not," replied Sir Marc.

"I could never look at you without remembering what you had done. I should be wretched, miserable. We must part."

"Part!" she repeated faintly. "Oh, Marc I thought you loved me so!"

"Loved you? I love you even now, despite what you have done; but marry you I cannot, Veronica. Your own conduct has parted us."

"You must not leave me, Marc," she said holding out her arms to him. "You are more than my life; you must not go."

"I could never trust you," he said, holding back her arms lest they should clasp his neck unawares.

"There is no help for it, Veronica. Unless you can explain away this mystery, we must part."

"Think it over, and give me the answer yourself."

She stood quite silent before him, her white face drooping from the sunshine, her hands clasped in mortal pain.

Was there any chance, any loop-hole of escape?

Could anything absolve her from her solemn vow?

No, there could be no release.

It was for Katherine's sake, for her father's memory, the same urgent reasons that had influenced her before existed now.

Were she to be induced to break her vow Katherine would suffer tenfold! She would keep it.

"Must we part, Veronica?" he said, "we who have loved each other with so great a love, must we part?"

"Unless you can trust me, and let me keep silence," she replied.

"I cannot trust you; I can only say good-by. Good-by, Veronica. You have broken the heart of the man who has loved you as few have ever loved. Farewell!"

He did not touch her hand, or kiss her face, or stop to utter one more word.

Perhaps, if he had done so, his strength would have failed him.

He left her standing there in the sunshine with the bitterness of death hanging over her.

He went at once in search of Lady Brandon.

He found her in the pretty morning-room alone.

She cried out when she saw his pale set face.

"What is the matter, Sir Marc? What is wrong?"

"I want to speak to you, Lady Brandon," he said. "Veronica and I have had some unpleasant words."

"We had a quarrel that can never be healed, and we have parted forever."

Lady Brandon held up her hands in dismay.

"Can it be possible, Sir Marc, that you have parted with Veronica? Why, she will break her heart!"

"It must be. Let me go to her, let me talk to her. If she has offended you, she will, I am sure, be very sorry; let me go to her."

"I know how she loves you, my poor Veronica."

"It is quite impossible," he said, hurriedly. "This quarrel can never be healed; even if Veronica wished it, I could not."

"You are angry, Sir Marc," asserted Lady Brandon; "and when your anger subsides you will be sorry for this."

"I shall regret it all my life," he said; "no one knows that better than I do. There will never dawn another happy day for me. Lady Brandon, I am a lost, ruined man."

"You will think better of it," she told him. "How could you quarrel with Veronica?"

"I know no one like her; she is so good, so tender of heart, so true, so loyal!"

"No more!" he cried, shuddering. "I can hear no more!"

"You must hear me," Lady Brandon persisted. "I cannot have Veronica sacrificed to a mere fit of temper."

"It is worse than that," he declared.

"Have you thought what the world will say, Sir Marc? Her wedding-dress is ordered, her trousseau is prepared. Everything is being put in a state of readiness for the wedding. What am I to say?"

"There is nothing to say," he replied gloomily, "except that Veronica has dismissed me."

"I will take all the blame, all the shame, all the disgrace. But, Lady Brandon, there is one thing that I should like to ask of you."

"Do not talk to her about our disagreement. Do not ask her any questions. That which we have quarreled about lies between us a dead secret."

"Promise me that you will not ask her any questions; it will only distress her and do no good."

"But, Sir Marc, will you not trust me, and tell me something, at least?"

"No," he replied. "You have been very kind to me, Lady Brandon, let me say good-by to you, and thank you heartily for all your goodness to me."

"You will surely stay and see Katherine?" cried Lady Brandon.

"No. Tell her that I had not the courage to stay and see her, but that I hoped she would be kind to Veronica."

Then Lady Brandon broke down, and wept passionate tears.

"You will break Veronica's heart," she cried, "you should not leave her."

"Heaven bless you for a kind-hearted, generous woman!" he said, bending down to kiss her hand.

"I wish all women were like you. I shall go at once. You will see that all belonging to me is sent after me, Lady Brandon?"

But she only sobbed that he should not leave Veronica.

"Go to her," he said; "and, Lady Brandon, while you comfort her, do not speak to her of me." She next moment he was gone.

She was almost bewildered to know how to act.

"I would give much to know what the quarrel has been about," she said to herself; "but I suppose I shall never learn." And then she went to Veronica's room.

The unhappy girl had fallen where her lover had left her, and lay like one dead on the floor.

Lady Brandon raised her; she tried to

bring back consciousness to her; and then she thought to herself, "If she really loves him so well, and they have parted forever, it would be more merciful to let her die."

CHAPTER X.

CRUSHING the green leaves and sweet blossoms under his feet, trampling down the smiling flowers, beating aside the trailing sprays, his heart beating, his brain on fire, Sir Marc hastened across the park.

It seemed to him that the whole world had suddenly crumbled to ruins.

He muttered bitter, terrible words to himself.

If the stars had fallen from heaven, it would have surprised him less than the fact that Veronica had done wrong, his ideal, the one pure, noble, gentle soul in whom he had placed all his trust.

All that was beautiful, poetical, maidenly and charming seemed to be vested in her; and now his ideal had been rudely destroyed.

"I will never believe in any human being again while I live," he said to himself—"never! So fair, so beautiful, so loving, so tender, yet so lost to all sense of what is right! I will never look again at woman's face!"

He reached the railway station at Hurstwood, and there, half hidden by a long black veil, he saw Clara Morton. She rose as he came up to her.

"It is well," he said, "that you are a woman; if you were a man I would horse-whip you!"

There was such fierce, hot anger in his eyes that she shrank back.

"You need not fear," he added scornfully.

"Give me your proofs, name your price, and then never let your shadow fall across my path again."

Dealing with a man was different from frightening a delicate, refined girl, Clara Morton found. She began a whole string of excuses.

"Not one word," he said. "Simply repeat the story. Let me hear all the details, and then give me your proofs and name your price."

She told him the story, and then added—

"My proofs are the charred remains of the parchment that I took from the fire, on which you will plainly see these words, 'Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon.'"

"What do you want for it?" he asked contemptuously.

"It is not for myself, Sir Marc—it is not indeed. I want five hundred pounds."

"You are modest in your demands, certainly, and you have ruined me. But why should I waste words on such as you? If I give you the sum you name, you must not only surrender what you are pleased to call your proofs, but you must take an oath to keep the secret and leave England. If you return—listen to my threat—if you dare to return and address by letter or by word of mouth that hapless lady, I will have you indicted for conspiracy, and your sentence will probably be hard labor for life. As to your conduct, it is so utterly, horribly base, I have no patience to speak of it."

The woman murmured some words.

He did not even listen to them.

"I have no wish to hear more," he said. "I will give you a check for five hundred pounds on condition that you give me your proofs and take the required oath."

"Tremble if you dare to break it—tremble if your false, wicked face is seen here again!"

He took out his check-book, and, going into one of the station offices, made out a check for the sum named.

On returning he placed it quietly in her hands, and she gave him the packet containing the charred fragments of the will, and took the oath upon which he had insisted.

Suddenly he pointed to the great open gates, and she passed out of them.

They never met again.

As she passed out of the gates, so she passed out of his life.

Whether the punishment of her wickedness ever came in this world he never knew.

Then Sir Marc went away to London.

What to do with himself he could not tell.

He felt that it was impossible for him to take up the broken thread of his life.

In the first hot, angry flush of his disappointment he had not realized what life without Veronica would be.

Now that it stretched out before him in all its chill, terrible reality, he was at a loss how to endure it.

There were times even when he almost wished he had forgiven her.

Then he recoiled from the thought.

How could he love a woman to whom the word "honor" was an empty sound?

Sir Marc was most unhappy.

He read with a stony face all the paragraphs which said that there was no foundation for the rumor of the approaching marriage of Sir Marc Caryll—that he was going abroad.

He made no complaint, no moan, but he owned to himself that his life was ended.

He would close Wervehurst Manor, and spend the remainder of his days where nothing could remind him of the love he had lost.

There was to be no angel in the house for him.

He knew that he must love Veronica until he died—that no one else could ever take her place—that no one else could ever be to him what she had been.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22, 1904.

\$2.00 a Year for Single Copy;

—or—

\$1.00 a Year in Clubs of 10.

And, as an inducement to send a club, we will give a gratis copy for every club of 10 at \$1.00 each. Remember, we will not send a single copy for less than \$2.00; and in order to get the reduced rate, one must send at least ten subscriptions. We cannot send a less number for less than \$2.00 each.

Those who send Clubs, can afterwards add names at \$1.00 each.

Remember, the getter-up of a club of 10 gets a free copy of the paper an entire year.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lock Box 1339, Philadelphia, Pa.

Office, 736 Sansom Street.

INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.

There is a wide difference in the estimate of justice and right among men. Some have an instinctive sense of justice; others always have distorted or shaded views of right and wrong.

The difference is not that there is an intention to do wrong, but that each has learned to view all moral questions from his particular standpoint. Yet right and wrong are immutable. Each is stamped with its peculiar characteristic, and these do not change.

Hence, if different views of the moral quality of a given act are taken, it is evident that one or the other is wrong. Hence, a right view of justice and all the moral issues is a matter of training. How may it best be done?

We answer, by inculcating clear perceptions of the fundamental principles of right. These are simple and plain. It is right to tell the truth, to deal honestly, to respect others' rights, and to observe the rules of commercial morality.

To injure another's reputation is wrong; and to despoil another of property, even if legally done, is wrong. The original fundamental principles of right and wrong are simple and plain.

It is when we obscure them by special influences that we are befogged. There is always a special plea for an act of spoliation, whether of character or property. And, as a rule, there is a willingness to allow this special plea peculiar force.

It is thus men's views of right are warped. By nice turns of expression men convey a false impression, when they would scorn to openly lie.

By shrewd turns they manage to complete a satisfactory business transaction, when they would utterly refuse to directly and boldly cheat. It is the indirection in morals that need to be watched. These are often dangerous.

When the minds of children are plastic, and habits are formative, these great principles can be solidly inculcated. And if wisely and carefully done, they will answer for years after.

The best education a parent can impart is that which leads to integrity of character.

A sense of right so acute that in all doubtful issues it will instinctively seek the true, is better for a child than a fortune. It imparts the elements of character that command confidence, and in the main secure success.

A rough, hard man once came to a celebrated philanthropist. He had managed to place himself on the pension rolls of the army by fraud.

He lived in a poor way on this pension. All his energies were blunted by his sense of wrong, and he did not succeed in life. Hearing his story, and his wish to reform, he was told that first of all he must surrender his pension, and that as soon as able he must return all he had drawn, principal and interest.

The man did so. Under his relieved sense he was able to arouse his energies, and attained wealth and position.

There are many lives, like his, blighted by false positions, taken in moments of weakness, and from which there is not moral courage to escape.

It is wise to guard children from it, and, inasmuch as contingencies cannot be watched, it is best to inculcate fundamental truths.

These are like the polar star to the sailor, a guide amid storm and sunshine. All else can be made to conform if the essential principles are right.

If these are unsettled, we may as well seek to watch the wind as to keep guard over the well-being of children. Hence, to instil integrity of character in a child is the best legacy that can possibly be conferred.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A POSTMASTER in a North Carolina town was paid a salary of nine cents last year.

CHICAGO'S municipal authorities propose to compel retailing establishments and manufactories to provide stools or chairs for the girls and women employed behind their counters.

Is a series of articles on "The Effects of Brain Overwork," Dr. Hammond, of New York, says: "I do not think that any form of exercise is as good as walking. Horseback riding comes next; rowing next."

THE clawhammer coat, says a New York tailor, must yield soon to some other form of full dress coat; and he bases his prediction on the fact that gentlemen wearing the former style are too often mistaken for waiters, ushers or valets at various gatherings they attend.

An illustration of the perfection to which lip-reading can be brought, was given by a deaf girl before delegates to the recent convention of the teachers of the deaf and dumb. By the movement of a speaker's lips outlined in shadow on a wall, she was enabled to decipher the words uttered.

THE London courts have decided that it is unlawful for a man to keep in his yard a dog that barks and howls; hand organs may not play when they are forbidden, and cocks which crow at unreasonable hours. In short, anything which acts as a disturbance to those living in the vicinity, may be suppressed by law.

THE interest-bearing debt of the United States, which at one time reached \$2,381,000,000, has now fallen to \$1,226,000,000. Nearly one-half has been paid off in eighteen years, and by the beginning of the twentieth century, and perhaps before, it will have been entirely extinguished. Europe said after the war that the greatest test of the capacity of this people to govern themselves would be the test of repudiation or liquidation.

THE centre of human happiness, says Dr. Richardson, is not in the brain, but in the vital nervous system, in the cavities of the body itself, near the stomach and in the heart. The man who is miserable is a hypochondriac; his affliction is seated under the lower ribs. No man ever felt miserable in his head. Every man who has felt misery knows that it springs from the body, and speaks of it as an exhaustion, a sinking there; he is bent down because of the central failure, and his own shoulders, too heavy to be borne, feel as if oppressed with an added weight or burden, under which he

bends as though all the cares of the world were upon him to bear him down.

A PECULIARITY about the blind is that there are scarcely any smokers among them. Soldiers and sailors, who lose their sight in action, sometimes continue to smoke for a little while, but, as a rule, they soon give up the habit. They say it gives them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke and some have said that they cannot taste the smoke unless they see it. This almost demonstrates the theory that if you blindfold a man in a room full of smoke, and put a lighted and unlighted cigar in his mouth, turn about, he will not be able to tell the difference.

FROM the lowest to the highest, all of us in our way spend money, and dress, and eat and drink, and generally order our lives on a scale we should not think of adopting if it were not for "other people." The great bulk of our money troubles, and nearly all the cheating and lying wickedness in the world connected with money which has been described as the "root of all evil," may be traced to love and desire of standing well in the estimation of "other people," of being thought richer than we are, and of being credited with the possession of property or resources which do not, as a matter of fact, belong to us.

A VASSAR COLLEGE girl-graduate thus treated the "dude" in her recent commencement essay: "God made the dude, therefore let him stand for a man. Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long. The dude is a curious specimen of the genus homo, made over a year ago. The brain of a dude is not the real brain—it is only something like it. The object of the dude is to render himself agreeable to society. Had Darwin lived he would have used the dude as an illustration of the development of the species. His plumage, though not brilliant, is abundant. All the sensible people of both sexes tire of him. In the future he will exist only in a museum of anatomy."

DECISION of character will do much toward a man's success in life. The man whose determinations depend very much on other human beings, has small chances for consistency or stability. His irresoluteness will place him at the mercy of those with whom he comes in contact, and he will be like the thistle-down, ready to be blown in any direction whatever. Such infirmity of spirit makes him practically a slave, with whom men can do as they please. If a man would have a high place in the estimation of his fellow-men, as well as success in business, by all means let him cultivate decision of character.

NOTHING is more democratic than the average American railway train, for it represents every class, and is no respecter of persons. The millionaire and the lowest member of the proletariat may possibly occupy contiguous seats. People who never by any circumstances are found together in the same room jostle against each other in the cars and show what thin partitions divide the various classes in this democratic country. It that water which is constantly in motion, and whose particles come frequently in diverse contact is always the freshest and sweetest, why may we not carry out an analogy from it and say that the social current also which experiences such conditions is, in a similar way, made the better for it. It should at least be a preventative against both decadence and stagnation.

"ONCE upon a time," says a noted writer, "I worshipped intellect. Brains were all that were worth having. Brilliant men were the gods of my idolatry, and good people I thought stupid. Since those salad days I've discovered that, however fascinating genius may be in public, it is not the sweetest of boons in a private family, for nine times out of ten genius is intensely selfish. It wants to be coddled; it rarely coddles. It wants to be heard; it rarely listens. Ego is the burden of its song. Who and what you are matters little. Accustomed to being adored, it accepts devotion as a divine right. To receive is its due; to give is the privilege of lesser mortals. Now if I have a talent it is that of appreciation. If there is a good listener among women I

am that she. I delight in genius, but I've found it out, and have no more delusions."

In a recent speech Cardinal Manning remarked that he was looking with much anxiety at the changes that were going on in his country. There was a time when the master and the man lived on the estate, and differently to what they do now. There was a time when patriarchal care, feeling of human sympathy, human happiness, and of human service prevailed. There had, now, a-days, grown up a new world—a world of money, of commerce, of manufacture, and a relationship between master and man that, unlike that of the time past, was not one of sympathy, or benevolence, or patriarchal care, but a relationship of so many shillings per week, paid on Friday or Saturday. It would be well if this relationship, even in a degree of confidence, affection and service, could be restored.

A WRITER on the aesthetics of modern life says it is to the readjustment of vocations that women must look for the new and wider life. The trend of the day is toward a centralization of definite work, and as toward a recognition of the great principles of co-operation as a basis for living. Just what will be the immediate effect of this rapid decrease of the individual home, is a problem for the social scientist. But one who watches closely the signs of the times cannot but recognize that most of the laborious essentials of housekeeping are being as surely done away with as are the weaving and spinning of former generations. The apartment hotel is taking the place of the separate house. The manufacture of ready-made clothing and of house-linens and of other furnishings does away with the family sewing.

So much has been said and written about the inefficiency of young wives as housekeepers, that it is refreshing to read a word or two in their defence. A lady says: "We read a great deal about the extravagance of wives, and of marrying without knowing how to cook or take care of a family. I should like to know who is to blame for this state of affairs? Girls will be girls, and it will be useless to make women of them until they are old enough to assume the responsibility of motherhood; they must abide the consequences. The girls don't propose to the young men, neither do they urge an early marriage. It is the young men that do this; and many a young girl has been coaxed into marriage when she felt she was too young, by the same young man who will, after marriage, fret because his child-wife can't cook as his mother did."

I HAPPENED, in the course of our conversation, says a London editor, to ask a prominent spiritualist medium whether he was a spirit-rapper. In a moment mysterious rappings were heard from all parts of the room, as if in reply to the question. "You see," said he, "I can produce all sorts of knocks and cries, from the still small voice of the infant in the celestial regions to the sepulchral tones of the tormented spirit, whose unearthly groans are so effective. I get the still small voice by dislocation of the thumb," and the still small voice spoke in its most melodious tones. "The sepulchral tones come by a displacement of the knee-joint—so," and the sepulchral tones reverberated through the room. "The big toe I can now easily work, as you hear, although I have a pair of thick boots on." It was very easily worked, and effectually.

A VERY thin coat of glycerine applied on both sides of window-glass will prevent any moisture forming thereon, and will stay until it collects so much dust that you cannot see through it; for this reason it should be put on very thin. If used on a looking-glass you can shave yourself in an ice house and the glass will not show your breath. Doctors and dentists use it on small glasses with which they examine the teeth and throat. Surveyors use it on their instruments in foggy weather, and there is no film to obstruct the sight. Locomotive engineers have used it as a preventative of the formation of frost on their cab windows. In fact it can be used anywhere to prevent moisture from forming on anything. It does not injure the usefulness of field glasses, etc. In fact, a small drop of pure glycerine in a small hole in a sheet of brass makes a good lense for a small microscope.

Facetiae.

Why is a tale bearer like a bricklayer? Because he raises stories.

"Time is money," said the seedy man when he spouted his watch.

A Boston firm advertises "shoes for elopements." They don't squeak.

What sweetmeat do you get by slamming a door on your fingers? Jam.

Why is a tramp like the servant girl? Because he lives out by the month.

Why are fixed stars like pens, ink and paper? Because they are stationary.

Why may carpenters believe there's no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Why would tying a slow horse to a post seem to improve his pace? Because it would make him fast.

The English is a wonderful language. A New York tenement house fifteen stories high is called a flat.

A young man earnestly inquires how success is attained. The best way we know of is to marry a rich wife.

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? One is a sale of effect; the other is the effects of a sale.

A Boston lady boasts of having raised onions measuring fifteen inches in diameter. No need of her keeping a dog.

A French barber's signboard reads thus: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it is always "to-morrow."

Why is a bee-hive like a bad potato? Because a bee-hive is a bee-holder, and a beholder is a spectator, and a spect-tater is a bad potato.

A magistrate once consoled a man who complained that justice had not been done by him, by the remark that it was "very lucky for him."

When a concern fails in China the debtors' heads are cut off and thrown in with the assets. That is the way their creditors get a head of them.

Before a druggist sells a customer quinine pills he always goes to the back end of his shop, takes off his conscience, and locks it up in his safe.

What is the difference between a poor gun and a hired masquerade costume? One is fired and doesn't hit, and the other is hired and doesn't fit.

"Trust men, and they will trust you," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trust men, and they will bust you," says an ordinary every-day business man.

"Now, Lord, if you will give me your attention just a moment," is the manner in which a Montana minister began a prayer on a recent Sabbath.

Why have all fruit trees military propensities? Because, when young, they are well-trained; they produce many kernels, and their shoots are very straight.

A Hibernian traveler, expressing how cheering and comfortable the roads are made by milestones, suggests that it would be a great improvement if they were nearer each other.

One of the most prevalent superstitions about precious stones is the superstition that most of the alleged diamonds worn in the ears of the ladies and shirt-fronts of gentlemen are precious.

How foolish most of our proverbs are! For instance, it is said that a straw shows which way the wind blows, when everybody knows it is the wind which shows which way the straw blows.

The question for discussion at a recent meeting of scientists was: "Which travels fastest, heat or cold?" It was decided in favor of heat, as many present had often been able to catch cold.

Perhaps after all there is too much freedom in the country. Our youths raise what they are pleased to call moustaches upon the slightest provocation, and society is powerless to prevent the outrage.

Observation of a new roller-skater: Sometimes, before sitting down, you kick out violently at nothing with great rapidity, and the skate says: "Klacker! klacker! dum klacker! bang, bang! whool!"

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wamond's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMOND, 3, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

AGENTS WANTED

Fast Potato Digging

THE MONARCH POTATO DIGGER
Saves a lot of money, FIVE TIMES OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to Dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!
SENT ON 60 Days' Test Trial.
Agents Wanted.

Write postal card for FREE elegantly illustrated Catalogue, in Six Brilliant Colors, that cost us \$2000 to publish.
Monarch Manufacturing Co., 206 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

MUSIC

FOR ALL.

ONE HUNDRED

Of the Most Popular Songs,
-Music and Words,-

FOR

Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER
BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address.

DIME MUSIC CO.

726 Sansom Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. LUTZE'S

"SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN"

Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. \$2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monographs on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address Dr. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.



R. DOLLARD,

513

CHESTNUT ST.,

Philadelphia.

Premier Artist

IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSNAGER VEN-
TILATING WIG and ELASTIC RAZD
TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:
FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.

No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.

No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.
He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Hair Wigs, Frizzles, Braids, Curis, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.



READ THIS.

TWO
GRAND
OLEOGRAPHS

MAGNIFICENT ART WORKS!

COMPANION MASTERPIECES!

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS"

---AND---

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER."

12X16 INCHES IN SIZE.

FOR 30 CENTS.

We offer the readers of the Post at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair—costs of packing, mailing etc., included, the two above-mentioned art-works, from the pencil of the famous American artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" depicts the glory of the West.

THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS.

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" represents a grand effect of misty mountain landscape and is full of brooding storm, and the wild ruggedness of nature.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" is all sunshine, light, warmth and mellowness, hanging over the mystic stream and is an efficient contrast, yet a perfect companion to the other.

No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparalleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at \$25,000. The number of copies is limited and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded an oil-painting, to apply at once.

Address, THE PHILADELPHIA OLEOGRAPH CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Trinity Hall,

BEVERLY, NEW JERSEY.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH HOME-SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Varied advantages of the highest order. Special thoroughness in Music, Art, Languages, and the Classics. Seventeenth Year begins September 18.
For Circular, address

MISS RACHELLE GIBBONS HUNT, Principal.

visit
Philadelphia Wanamakers Store.

A Prize

Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a coffee box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address THUR & CO., Augusta, Me.

BIRCHES KEY AND NOT
SOLD by watchmakers. By mail 25c. Circulars free. J. B. Birch & Co., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

40 CARDS, all covered name. Silk Fringed, Gift Edge Hidden Motto and Embossed, with name 10c., 3 pks and present 30c. West & Co., New Haven, Ct.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the poor. Dr. Kruse, 228 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

50 Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name and six latest songs, 10c. J. S. Pardee, 411 7th Ave., N. Y.



Campaign Goods.

We are headquarters for OPEN
NET WORK BANNERS, FLAGS,
Suits, Caps, Caps, Helmets, Shirts,
Ties, Pictures, Transparencies
and all Campaign Equipment.
CLOSE SUPPLIED. Agts. Wanted.
Complete Sample Set \$1.00.
Sample Badge 10c., 3 for 25c., 1
doz. 50c. Portraits of all Candidates, size 12 x 16, sample 10c., 4
for 25c., 1 doz. 60c., 60 for \$4.
Our prices defy competition! Send for sample and circulars.
CAMPAIGN MANUFACTURERS CO.,
10 Barclay St., New York.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM.

Heldner's Magic Rheumatism Cure is making most wonderful cures of Acute, Chronic, and Sciatica Rheumatism. Why suffer when relief is certain? Price, \$1.00. Send 25c. for trial box and be convinced.
HEBBERD & CO., 31 Broadway, New York.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

WE have now reached that stage in the season's fashions at which we need look for nothing radically new for some time to come.

The styles are all established; one sees now only the different modes of treatment which each receives.

The vogue which was predicted for the full loose styles has been as great as anticipated.

The surplice waist, the Fedora vests, the yoke waist with white chemisette and sleeves—these are the features which, in the costumes of young ladies, occur again and again.

The yoke waist usually goes with a type of dress otherwise very plain; an untrimmed skirt, round and full, and a wide sash, tying behind with long ends; such is the general style of many dresses.

Morning dresses of lawn, nainsook, seersucker, batiste are frequently made in this wise. The sleeves of the white chemisette are usually quite full.

The same general model occurs in finer materials for afternoon and evening wear. Then the yoke is of solid embroidery instead of mull, and it may be embroidery on the material itself—be it veiling, crape or China, or what not.

We have seen one dress of this description. A skirt of white camel's hair, embroidered and cut in wide scallops on the edge, fell loose and without draperies over a plain petticoat of white silk, the narrow, pinked flouncings of which showed beneath the camel's hair skirt.

The waist of camel's hair was round, with a yoke of silk embroidery; short, tight sleeves, stopped above, not below, the elbow, with a revers of embroidery.

A sash of white moire passed about the waist and fell nearly to the foot of the dress in the back. This is certainly one of the very prettiest of fashions invented for young girls.

For the morning, there are quantities of Mother Hubbard wrappers, of surah, pink, blue and white, of cashmere, of fine mull, with Valenciennes trimmings on the front, the sleeves and the flounce at the foot.

Batistes make more inexpensive and simpler editions of the same idea, to wear strictly in the room; and Turkey red is both effective and serviceable for the same purpose.

Wide embroideries, coffee-tinted, appear on innumerable costumes. Oriental laces ditto.

One chic costume is the following:

Skirt of copper-colored and gray changeable silk, plaited postilion behind, pointed front, with very broad jabot of lace; lace cuffs; parasol of the changeable silk, with deep border of lace; bonnet of gold cloth, embossed with red velvet figures, aigrette of red powdered with gold, red velvet strings.

A second costume of indigo blue foulard is made with a large puff across the front, underneath which is set a very deep flounce of ecru Oriental lace.

The back drapery is very full.

There is a side plaited flounce across the foot; the bodice has a plaited plastron drawn in by shirrings at the waist and into the point, and revers of Oriental lace on either side; lace laid flat over the high, stiff collar and over the cuffs.

Hat of blue straw, high crown, down-swept brim in front; border of Oriental lace plaited over the brim; twist of blue tips and one gray one in front.

Parasol of Oriental lace. This shade of blue, deep and yet quite vivid, is extremely popular this season.

Here is an example of a costume of veiling in that tone of blue, but slightly lighter than the average.

The front is laid in broad side plaits, across which run rows of velvet one inch and a half broad and in a darker shade. They are set a couple of inches apart.

The front of the bodice is trimmed with these same cross-bars. The back forms a postilion; the collar and cuffs are of the darker velvet. A broad revers of velvet shows against the left side of the back drapery of the skirt.

The hat that matched this suit was very high in the crown, had stiff brim, broader in the front than behind, and was of gray straw, with blue velvet trimmings, and knots of the two shades of blue of the dress piled up high in front. The gray and the ecru suits are, of course, legion.

The lighter qualities of bison cloth are used a good deal in these colors, and make serviceable traveling dresses, also nice suits for the cooler days, etc.

Mohair, the very "chic" material for the nonce, is chiefly employed also in these neutral tints.

And we have seen one costume of very pale gray alpaca trimmed with narrow silver galloon, that was an imported creation, and certainly very stylish, though to call alpaca a pretty material would at all times be impossible.

The mohair suits have a most "correct" appearance trimmed with galloon matching in color but of a deeper shade than the dress, and opening over small vests of dark gray suede kid.

Few of these costumes have been seen here, but they are quite frequent abroad. Velvets of different colors—chiefly garnet, brown, very deep blue—are put on gray costumes to give tone to the effect.

Though this is a somewhat "fussy" style, it produces quite good results at times. One example will be illustrative.

Gray wool skirt side plaited in the front; panels of very narrow side plaits on sides; these crossed at right angles by bars of garnet velvet; short overdress falling low behind; bodice with Moliere vest; two revers of garnet velvet at the neck where the vest begins; collar and cuffs of velvet edging sides of bodice, and running back to the hips; postilion back.

The correct riding habits for this season are pale gray—another phase of the gray mania.

They are very, very short, of course, and very scant; an elastic, through which the foot is slipped, prevents them from flying up and showing the foot, than which, with their length (or want of length) nothing would be easier.

The boot is a real boot—a high boot, into which the close gray trousers are passed. A great many ladies, to be sure, wear the trousers to the ankle, and the ordinary lady's boot, and as the high boots are an item of twenty or twenty-five dollars in the already sufficiently extravagant outfit, this may be sensible in more ways than one.

But the high boots are the "swell thing," nevertheless.

The basque is very short over the hips and in front, slightly longer with a square postilion behind, fit like the wearer's skin, and, if she be at all lean, are padded to give the degree of moderate roundness so desirable on horseback.

The collar is very high, with linen collar of corresponding characteristics underneath.

The tall hat is gray, to match the habit. The whip is not a whip, but a stick with a crutch or crook top, usually silver.

We were shown recently one very ingenious device. In the heavy oxidized silver crutch handle of her whip, a young lady had had inserted a vinaigrette.

One end of the crutch could be turned back on a hinge, disclosing a small crystal scent bottle filled with salts. Many an occasion might arise in which this would be useful, or, at any rate, grateful.

It is not possible to allude to scent bottles without speaking a word of the very fashionable cut-crystal vinaigrettes of most ridiculous and ungraceful length which society women carry and have been carrying for the past year or so.

Many of them are certainly very beautiful, the glass being in many instances exquisitely engraved, with the initials of the owner in long silver characters inclosed by a medallion on one side.

The tops are gold or silver, finely chased or engraved, on the most expensive examples.

Of course, the whole idea is also copied on a more inexpensive scale.

Eighteen inches is about an average length for these scent-bottles. They can be added to the list of articles such as fans, bonbonniere, jewel cases, etc., which gentlemen can offer to a lady friend on such an occasion as a birthday or something of that sort, and doubtless for this reason will be blessed by many an obtuse masculine creature, to whom the selection of any such thing is an unutterable ordeal and weariness to the flesh.

Fireside Chat.

HOME UPHOLSTERY.

WHEN I begin to think over my subject and of the number of things that can be done at home in the way of upholstery, I seem to have so much to write about, I hardly know where to commence.

Def fingers, a little neatness, and plenty of patience may transform an ugly room into a pretty one in a very short time.

No girls should be ignorant how to use a hammer or plant a nail.

Well, out of innumerable items, I select to begin with curtains: window curtains. There are many nice stuffs of excellent appearance, which may be had for as many shillings as their substitutes cost pounds years ago.

There are oriental stuffs, real and imitation, a good deal of what is called tapestry, and many serviceable materials made of jute wearing admirably, and having so good an appearance, they look worth twice the money they cost.

Most of these are so striped and figured that neither lining nor trimming is required—a remark which does not apply to plain goods; for these, galons and ball fringes are most in use.

The very soft silks of artistic coloring replace muslin curtains sometimes now.

And I also notice that in lieu of holders, many curtains are tied back with scarves of this same soft silk, especially velvet and plush curtains of dark, brilliant tones, and the thick woolen brocades interwoven with gold thread.

I cannot dwell so much as I should like upon different quite cheap materials that can be used for curtains, Bolton sheeting and charity blankets, roughly worked with bold designs in crewels, coming first on the list, though I give the preference to unbleached linen and hop sacking.

A new and favorite form of trimming is to attach a worked dado of some contrasting color on a plain curtain, say from twenty-five inches deep.

But we will suppose you have selected the curtains.

It is then that home upholstery comes in to play; for, of course, you will want to hang them.

The usual length, according to the height of the room, is from three to four yards long, shorter by some quarter of a yard than they used to be, as they no longer are looped up, or rest much on the ground, but are slightly caught back with straight holders towards the middle of the window.

One and a-half to two breadths will be required, and will sometimes border the edge, but is not absolutely necessary.

Chintzes require lining, and must be tacked to the outside at each seam, and is subsequently bound with galon.

Cornices are going much out of fashion, and rods have taken their place; sometimes painted iron, with ornamental ends.

For these, the tops of the curtains should be box-plaited on to a webbing, placed, say, three inches below the top, thus leaving a heading; to the webbing, rings or hooks are sewn so as to be slipped on to the end.

Fireplace curtains have this drawback, that if kept closely drawn they stop the free circulation of air.

The best plan is to have an iron rod or tape beneath the mantelpiece, to sew rings on the curtains, and allow them to draw; in this way the tops will be hidden by the valance to the chimneypiece.

Nothing looks better than a band of crewel or arras embroidery on the valance, and down the centre of the curtains.

In the country, chintz or coarse linen embroidered for bedrooms is quite admirable.

Ecru linen worked in red crewels and bordered with red Spanish fringe has a very good effect.

Besides, however, embroidering your mantle curtains and border, you may very much improve a dull room by an overmantle, if it is nothing better than red twill or satin sheeting stretched over the wall, with photographs or china attached to it.

If you happen to be the lucky possessor of an old oak chest, or indeed any carved woodwork, you may do a great deal more, for it is convertible into a fifteenth century sideboard or a mantelpiece, of course by dividing it.

The lid laid flat against the wall just above the mantelpiece the bottom used as a shelf above that, the ends as smaller shelves, and any extra pieces laid against the wall.

With but little upholstery and some pre-arrangement, a very handsome erection is the result.

I have found the best plan both for the sideboard and mantelpiece was to get a good drawing from some art or upholsterer's catalogue, and to work up to that, as far as materials admitted.

But even without such treasure as old oak, a black painted board pointed at the top, and arranged with china, a brass plaque in the centre, then an ordinary mantelpiece, is twice as ornamental as a pier glass with a gilt frame.

If you care for home upholstery and wish to adorn your rooms at little cost, keep your eyes open.

Many a pretty bit of brass-work, old candle branches, etc., may be picked up for an old song at second-hand shops, if you only know where to seek them.

A more useful article, but not so ornamental, as a corner wardrobe, may be made by fixing shelves into a lath frame, with a door made of laths, the front covered with chintz it can be moved from the corner of one room to another, and takes up little space and gives a good deal.

I daresay you have often noticed ordinary chairs covered with some material and tufted with buttons at intervals, giving the appearance of being quilted.

This looks intricate and difficult, but it is not really so.

Of course, before re-covering, all the button must be removed, and a long tufting needle must be procured.

Then with strong string you first pass the needle through the button and then right through the chair or sofa, tying it tightly below.

If you can manage this you will find little difficulty in covering a dining or drawing-room suite—a costly process if sent to the upholsterer's.

Old horsehair chairs, for example, look extremely well covered with a green or dark colored serge, and bordered with close set rows of brass-headed nails.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

NOVICE.—The name "Janet" is a diminutive of Jane, the feminine of John, which is from the Hebrew, and means "the gracious gift of God."

RANDLE.—1. The tradition of the aspen-leaf is that it has trembled with shame and horror, ever since our Lord's cross was made from its wood.

W. J. G.—It is not at all necessary that you should know Latin in order to learn French; but it is advisable that you should be acquainted with at least the rudiments of English grammar.

STARSLAND.—It is French, and means "Who is there?" 2. In entering a room where strangers are seated, merely bow and sit down. 3. Handwriting is good and may be improved with practice.

BATEMAN.—A lady of fourteen years of age is much too young to think of a matrimonial engagement. We consider that her parents are somewhat imprudent in allowing her to walk out alone with a gentleman.

C. D. L.—If you henceforth lead an ordinary, quiet life, take your meals at regular hours, drink in moderation, and take a proper amount of rest at night, Nature will—unless you have rendered yourself consumptive—repair the ravages a fast life has caused. Try the effect for two or three months.

RIP.—We cannot recommend the maxim that "All is fair in love and war." If the young lady's father has forbidden her to see you, you ought not to call at her home in his absence. If he has for some unknown reason taken a dislike to you, why do you not go to him and ask for an explanation? If this fails, you must wait till the lady is of age, when she will be able to speak for herself.

C. J.—You seem to have lost your head. If you want to renew and extend your acquaintance with the young lady, there is no reason why you should not do so, either by letter or by an interview. But when you talk about going to the bad unless you are restrained by her influence, you are writing simple nonsense. Cultivate the lady's acquaintance, by all means, but cultivate common sense as well.

BEN F. J.—Having gone so far, you should either go further or recall. At present you are in a decidedly equivocal position, and you should either come to an understanding with the lady or cease to see her. To your suggestion that you might explain your difficulty to her, and ask her to wait until you can engage yourself to her, we see no objection on grounds of principle. At the same time, you would find the situation extremely embarrassing.

BERTIE.—The origin of the connection between pancake and Shrove Tuesday is lost in antiquity. Shrove Tuesday derives its name from the ancient practice in the Roman Church of confessing sins and being forgiven, or absolved, on the day preceding the beginning of Lent. In older times, the day was given up to this ceremony and to the preparation and consumption of pancakes. Before they were eaten, there was generally a competition amongst the members of the party to see who could throw them most adroitly into the air.

NEMO.—The eyes of oxen, horses, etc., certainly do magnify in a sense; that is to say, the image of an object on the retina of the human eye. As the eye of a horse is larger than that of a human being, it follows that the focus of the lens must be longer, and an optician will tell you that the longer the focus of the lens the larger the image. But, as you say, since they magnify human beings they also magnify each other surrounding objects. It is therefore absurd to say that this is the reason why man obtains his control over the larger animals.

JESSIE.—If the "finger marks" on your book are caused by the dye from black gloves, they will be difficult to take off. Spirits of salts, diluted with five or six times the quantity of water, may be applied to ink spots, and after a minute or two may be washed off with clear water. To take out spots of grease either may be used, the leaves being then placed between white blotting-paper; where the stains are mixed, and not very bad, rectified spirits of wine will be found to answer the purpose. As all these prescriptions are wet ones, we need not remind you that they must be used with great care, or you will spoil your book, and do nothing towards the removal of the stains.

READER.—Evidently you refer to the Lion of Thorwaldsen. This work of art, of which the whole conception is inspired by genius of the highest order, is to be seen at Lucerne, in Switzerland, near the entrance to the "Glacier Garden." Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, was commissioned to design a monument worthy of commemorating the noble Swiss Guard of Louis XIV., who fell on the 10th of August, 1792, in defence of the Tuilleries. Instead of making a conventional monument, and having it erected in a public square, Thorwaldsen took the Swiss Lion for his motive; and, as the monarch of the woods seeks a lonely retreat when wounded to death, so here, in a natural grotto on the living rock, he carved this emblem of the noble victims of valor and loyalty. The sculptured lion—twenty-eight feet in length, and eighteen feet in height—is seen lying high up on the shelf of the rocky wall. His side is transfixed by a lance; but even in death he holds the lilies of France guarded fast in his paws.

B. B.—You cannot stretch a tight boot so that it will afford a permanent relief to your corns. The stretching of leather is a favorite theory of the shoemaker, wherewith he comforts his customers, and promotes the cultivation of corns and bunions. Never believe it; never trust to the tree, as they call the stretcher. You may as well trust to the stretching of an india-rubber elastic, which will stop the circulation of your blood forever before it give way even one quarter of an inch, which it will not recover when the force is removed. When your boot is tight you get it put on the tree, and it feels much easier when you try it on again. Away you walk, quite relieved and overjoyed; but in a few hours you are as miserable as ever. "Perhaps your foot has swelled," says the bootmaker; "put the boot on the tree all night." You have it put on the tree all night, and it comes home comfortable again; but the comfort is of short duration, and you find, to your sorrow, that though leather will stretch if you force it, it will stretch also when the force is withdrawn. It is better to trust to the unstretching of leather. The shoemaker understands this too. Therefore, when the shoe is too large, they say it will close upon the foot, the leather will contract. They are right; it does contract more surely than it stretches, and much more comfortably to the poor feet which it encases.